

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 1007.]

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1840.

[PRICE 2d.]



ANGLO-HEBREW CHURCH,

ON MOUNT ZION, JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM! what a tide of associations are connected with that thrilling—that magic name—the Holy City—the perfection of beauty—the joy of the whole earth. And though her gates are sunk into the ground, her bars broken, her princes among the Gentiles, and the Law no more, there is too much of all that is sacred and affecting, even in the very dust of Zion, not to arrest immediate attention, and command intense, though chastened interest, in all that concerns it. That the measuring line should be drawn out, and the foundations of former generations discovered, and the chisel heard building up a sacred fane—a place whence the voice is to go forth, bidding the scattered tribes assemble to

the worship of the Great King—and that the sons and daughters of the church of our native land should have the honour of this instrumentality, in planting in the midst of the mosques of the Mussulman, the convents of another system, and the synagogues of Judaism—a simple testimony of the truth of Christ—is, indeed, one of the most striking signs of our remarkable days, and one which we can contemplate without any mixture of apprehension or fear. The structure, of which the foregoing is a sketch, is a building at present erecting in Jerusalem, under the direction of a society in England, which has long been deeply interested in the conversion of the Jews.

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The society in question, have despatched, or are about sending, an architect to superintend the erection of the building; and both from the Pasha of Egypt and from the Sublime Porte, proper authority has been secured, to permit the purchase and secure the tenure of the property, which has been obtained by the result of subscriptions collected from members of the Church of England.

In one of the last communications from the Holy City, Mr. Nicolayson, the resident missionary, mentions the following interesting fact of the discovery of a solid wall below the present surface of the ground, which will, to a considerable extent, serve for the foundations of the intended Mission premises, and which has been ascertained to be built on the solid rock of Zion, and to be in some places, thirty feet deep, and ten feet thick. Mr. Nicolayson writes—

"I must just add, that when on the 27th Jan. last, we commenced digging for the foundations, we came very soon upon a beautiful and solid piece of strong underground old masonry, exactly answering for foundations, and ready to our hands, provided it prove sound to the bottom, and continues in that direction in which it actually runs. We have since been interrupted by rain, in our diggings of discovery about it, but so far as we have proceeded, it still promises to afford us, at least, a very valuable lift, saving both risk, expense, and time. And then the idea of building on the old foundations on Mount Zion, and so becoming literally 'repairers of the old wastes'; who is there so phlegmatic as not to be turned almost into enthusiasm at this! The Arab workmen say, 'God orders things according to the intentions of men;' and why should it seem a thing incredible to us, that even the preservation of the ruins of Zion might be so ordered as to display the Divine foresight and forethought, to those who should at any time take 'pleasure in the stones of Zion, and favour the dust thereof!'"

In the church in question, it is intended that the beautiful offices of the English Establishment shall be administered, in the Hebrew tongue. The missionaries will preach with an especial reference to draw the Jews who live at or resort to Jerusalem, to consider the doctrines of the Gospel, and to press their acceptance of Him who is the end of their law for righteousness, unto whom in the solemn assurance of prophecy, the gathering of the people shall be.

A letter from Jerusalem, in the *Hamburg Correspondent*, says:—"The building of the Protestant chapel proceeds rapidly. For the present, a house is hired. The English church liturgy is translated into Hebrew, and printed, and the missionary Nicolayson performs divine service, with his assistant Pient. Of 400 Jews, one hundred have embraced Christianity. An institution for converts has been established by the English Missionary Society, and a Hebrew prayer-book is to be published. The

English Consul endeavours to engage the Jews to cultivate the land of their fathers, under the favour of Mehemet Ali, and considerable quantities of land have been purchased for foreign emigrants. It is said, there is somewhere a Talmudic saying, that when there shall be 25,000 Jewish inhabitants in the Holy Land, the laws and regulations must be again enforced which prevailed when Palestine was a Jewish state. The Rabbis in Turkey are endeavouring to complete the above number by colonists, which, doubtless, will not be difficult under the powerful protection of England. Some rich Jews in London and Italy, intend to establish factories and manufactories in Jerusalem and some other considerable towns, under the protection of England. The English Government has appointed a Vice-Consul at Jerusalem for all Palestine."

THE KING OF BOHEMIA.

St. George, St. George! upon the foe!
King Philip's oriflamme is low,
Shout, shout, for victory!
Old England's banner to the last
Triumphant flutters in the blast,
And routed France is flying fast—
Raise, raise the joyous cry!

Bohemia's monarch heard the sound,
He rolled his sightless eyes around,—
"Ah! what is yonder cry!

Is this the fame of Gallia's host?
Is this King Philip's wonted boast?
Ah! let me, then—the battle lost—
Strike one good blow and die!"

A warrior spurs at either side,
The blind old monarch's steed to guide,
Where thickest raged the fight.
O watch the hoary chieftain wield
With youthful strength the massive shield,
And stretch his foemen on the field
With all a giant's might!

Undaunted Prince! the battle's rage
Ill fits, methinks, his waning age,
Ill fits his rayless eyes—
Yet few, to-day, or friend or foe,
Have struck, I wene, a better blow
Than laid yon stalwart chieftain low,
Beneath his feet who lies.

But, ah, he seeketh not in vain
To add his body to the slain!—
The noble chief is come!
An arm he seeth not, descends,
A hand he knows not from a friend's,
Falls heavy on him, and he bends
Beneath a welcome doom.

The deadly strife at length is done,
The fight is o'er—the field is won,
But all this bloody day
The triple plume which deck'd the crest
Of him who sought such honour'd rest,
The British Edward deem'd the best
Of all his wealthy prey.

E. M.

TULIPS AND ROSES.

My Rosa from the latticed grove,
Brought me a sweet bouquet of roses.
And asked, as round my neck she clung,
If tulips I preferred to roses?—
"I cannot tell, sweet wife," I said,
"But kiss me ere I see the posies,"—
She did—"O, I prefer," I cried,
"Thy two-tips to a dozen roses!"

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THE OLD MAN.

IN THE MANNER OF STERNE.

ONE summer-day, I and my companions were rambling about the environs of Fontainebleau: we had left the *Jardin de la Reine*, with its bowers of roses, and scrambled up the ridge of high rocks, which extend about a league along the southern road, when the following circumstances befel us:—

At the foot of the rocks we saw an old man and a youth, hard at work in hewing and shaping the hard stones of the rock; we saw them some minutes before they perceived us, and as we were advancing towards them, I saw the old man cast away the tool which he had been working with, and sit himself down upon his rough work: he then struck himself thrice upon the breast, then clasped his hands together, and lifted up his eyes to heaven.

The youth, when he perceived the situation of the old man, ran to him, and threw his arms about his neck; the old man kissed him; they were in this posture when we came up to them; the lad was endeavouring to soothe the old man's grief; but his tears, which ran like a rapid stream down his young cheeks, choked his utterance. The old man seemed more resigned; he did not weep. When he perceived us, he gently pushed the boy away from him, and reclined his hoary head upon his trembling hand, with his eyes fixed upon the ground.

The youth stood within one pace of him, in a bended posture, and watching with the greatest attention the old man's countenance; the boy took no notice of us; we were as attentive and silent as themselves; it was one of those quiet scenes of distress, when the heart feels more than language can express. I am sure their grief was genuine, for it was natural; great sorrow strongly marked their countenances: the working sorrows of their hearts reached my own: I felt all the powers of sensibility stir within me; it was as quickly communicated as the rays of light from the glorious sun; from my soul I pitied the old man, and from my heart I loved the little boy.

Sensibility! thou pure offspring of goodness, drawn from the glorious fountain of endless existence! suffer not my heart ever to be diverted or estranged from thy divine influence; but ever teach me with thy surest judgment, that my feelings may never degenerate into weakness, nor my charity into ostentation.

I will speak to thee, said I to myself, for I wish to be interested in thy distress. "My poor good old man," said I, "you seem unhappy; tell me what sour misfortunes attend you?"

"I am en verité," replied the old man, "just what I seem to be, a forlorn miserable old man; heavy, heavy fate cruelly oppresses me." Then, with uplifted eyes, he fetched such a deep and agonizing sigh, that it quite pierced my heart.

"Well," said I, "if you are now unhappy, you know not how soon you may experience a change of fortune; as you have seen better days, so you may again: but whatever may be your distress, still let not your dependence upon a good Providence forsake you in your old age; endeavour to support your burthen with Christian patience and resignation, and you will not fail of being rewarded, if not in this world, certainly in the world to come."

I have observed, that very few people in distress cast their anchors with any pleasurable dependance upon chance, and contingent circumstances set at a great distance. When the heart is ill at ease, a ray of hope sometimes crosses it; but it is of too light a substance to abide, when our sufferings are sorely pressing on us. A poor woman to whom I gave some such advice, in a case of great distress, replied, "It's very true, sir, I may meet with my reward at the day of judgment: but that is a long time to look forward, when my infants and myself are in the meantime starving to death." Preaching religion or philosophy to a mind sunk into an abyss of misery, is, in the cases of wrong-minded persons, like recommending abstinence to a starving man; but to Religious Hope, with her 'silver anchor,' they will assuredly cling at last.

The poor unhappy old man thanked me for my advice, and said, that in respect to himself, he was perfectly resigned to the will of Heaven; that he could with pleasure lie down and die; but that it was for six poor grandchildren, which were destitute orphans, for whom he wished to live, and for whom he was miserable. "They are now starving," said he. "Just God, forbid it," said I, "they shall not starve!"—"Judge," said the sufferer, "what a load of misery I sustain, and how far I can be patient and resigned." He said he had a son, an only son, whom he had brought up to his own business; that he had himself quitted the laborious employment in his declining years; but that he might assist his son, who was married, and had a large family, he purchased two horses and a voiture, with all the money he had saved for the support of his old age: with this voiture he got a comfortable maintenance in going once a week as a carrier to Paris.

He said, that at this period he was as contented a man as any in Fontainebleau, and little did he then imagine how soon he should become the most miserable.

His son, he said, was one day at work in getting some of the rock-stones of the forest, when he perceived one of the small deer lying down among the rocks; the poor animal was sick, it had not strength to get up. His son, he said, was so touched with the condition of the deer, that he brought him home to his house, with the humane intention of curing him; and, if his endeavours succeeded, to turn him into the forest again. He said he told his son the great danger which attended his humanity, and they had resolved to turn him

into the forest again the next morning; but alas, said he, it was too late! A person saw him take the animal into the house, and immediately informed against him. He was the same night torn from his wife and children, and hurried away to prison, from whence, said the poor old man, he never—never—here he stopped, and paid nature a powerful tribute in a flood of tears.

He himself was fined six hundred livres for the deer being found in his house, and his son was condemned to two years imprisonment. The poor old fellow was obliged to pay the fine, which totally deprived him of all means of supporting so large a family. His poor son, he said, died of a broken heart before seven months of his imprisonment had expired; and to complete this singularly cruel catastrophe, his wife was, in consequence of his death, so shocked, that she was instantly seized with a delirium and convulsions, and expired the next morning; and here, said the mourner, am I left to bewail their loss, and to support six infants with my almost worn-out labour. He said it was too great, too much for him to sustain, and he was afraid he should very soon sink under his complicated misfortunes.

Heaven bless and pity thy condition, said I, my poor old man, thou hast a full measure of misery indeed; but despair not; for I am sure the Great God of Mercy will look down upon thee, and pity thee.

I would have added something more, but his affecting tale of woe so wrung my heart, that if three words more could make the whole world believers, I could not have uttered them. I turned about to observe the situation of my companions; they were doing what nature had bid me do. I was glad to see it. I love a generous and manly sympathy, and detest the wretched affected churl, who refuses to obey the commands of divine nature; I know but of one mode which can *effectually* quiet the sensations of the distressed,—it is the sympathising on such occasions, and this very mode was adopted by us. Of all the evolutions I ever saw performed, this was by far the most silent, quick, and exact. The word of command was given by some good invisible agent, which touched the strings of our hearts at the same instant we were untying the strings of our purses. Though we were in a gloomy forest, and had only the bright canopy of heaven for our roof, yet I never saw purer devotion under the vaulted roofs of sacred churches.

It would be ungenerous in me to deprive my reader of the pleasure of knowing how well the old man was relieved, so I shall tell him a good part of it.

Here, said my good and generous young friend, to the old man, here are five louis d'ors for thee, and may heaven bless thee; and here, said the benevolent Linden, taking the old man by the hand, here are twelve livres; I wish I had more, thou shouldst have it all!

He was going to give the poor man his benediction, which, I am sure, was worth more than any bishop's in France, but he could not get it off: he attempted again, but it would not do; and was at last obliged to leave him unblest, though inconceivable were the number which attended his own good heart.

I would say how much I gave to this old son of misery, too, but it was so little, that I have ever since repented it was not more.

The old man's joyful surprise at this unexpected change of fortune, was so great, that he had not the power of thanking us; but perhaps he did us more service when he fell upon his knees, and lifted his silent spirit up to heaven.

The charming youth followed the example of his grandfather, and in this humble posture we left them; we looked back from afar off, and saw them still in the same posture.

THE WALKING IN WHITE, AND SUPPLICATING FOR PEACE.

AN historian of knowledge and credit relates that in 1400 he was an eye-witness to the following facts. "In the midst of the alarms and troubles of the wars, either begun or impending between the states of Italy, an extraordinary occurrence took place. All the inhabitants of each state dressed themselves in white. This multitude went forth with extreme devotion, they passed to the neighbouring states, humbly craving peace and mercy; their journey lasted usually ten days, and their food during this time was bread and water. None were seen in the towns that were not dressed in white; the people went without danger into an enemy's country, whither, a few days before, they would not have dared to approach. No one ever thought of betraying one other, and strangers were never insulted; it was an universal truce, tacitly understood between all enemies. This lasted for about two months, but its origin is not clear.

The idea was confidently affirmed to have come from the Alps into Lombardy, whence it spread, with astonishing rapidity, over all Italy. The inhabitants of Lucca were the first who came in a body to Florence. Their presence suddenly excited an ardent devotion to such a degree that even those who, at the commencement, treated this enthusiasm with contempt were the first to change their dress and join the procession, as if they were suddenly impelled by a heavenly inspiration. The people of Florence divided themselves into four parties, two of which consisted of a countless multitude of men, women, and children, and went to Arezzo. The remaining two took other directions; and wherever they came, the inhabitants dressed themselves in white, and followed their example. During the two months that this devotion lasted, war was never thought of, but no sooner had it passed away, than the people resumed their arms, and the previous state of agitation was renewed.

NEILGHERRY TEA PLANTATIONS.

Our of evil oftentimes arises good. The gates of China are now double-locked against us, and the beverage of Twankay, Souchong, and Bohea, threatens like the waters of Tantalus' cup, fugitively to vanish from our lips, unless obtainable from some other quarter, not under the jurisdiction of the Celestials. Assam accordingly has come to our succour, and her tea-plants thrive. Neilgherry, as will be seen, fast follows in her rear. The tender green of the young tea-plant is thus found to foliate and blossom in latitudes, to which it was supposed it could not be acclimated. China will hereby, lose the vain glory of her product, her huge monopoly be broken up, and Europe, in time, be generally benefitted.

M. Perrottet, botanist to the French Government, has expended much pains with respect to the inquiry, as to the prosperous condition of the tea-plant (*Thea viridis*) on the Neilgherries, and of the advantages to be derived from cultivating it on a grand scale, in that elevated part of India. Of the gradual progress of its introduction and prosperity, the account drawn up by him is clear and valuable.

An experimental farm was first established at Kaitée, on the Neilgherry Hills, and Colonel Crewe, who had the charge of it, placed several plants of Tea in one of the kitchen-gardens of the establishment. The place chosen, appeared the more suitable, from the young plants being sheltered by a very thick hedge, from the north and north-east winds, which are generally fatal to vegetation in that elevated region.

Shortly after, Colonel Crewe died, and the establishment was broken up, with the exception of a few native gardeners, who, either from ignorance of the value of the plants, or indifference, entirely neglected them.

In August, 1836, General de St. Simon, Governor of the French Establishments in India, to whom the Council at Madras had just made over Kaitée, to be occupied by him as long as he might remain in India, sent for M. Perrottet to the Neilgherries, who arrived there the fourth of the same month. He there found these Tea-plants to the number of nine, very stunted, and hardly a few inches high, but still alive. Their slow progress and wretched condition astonished him, at first sight, and induced him to search the cause. He found it in the position of the roots, in reference to the level of the soil. In fact, the part of the stalk situated above the collect, or first vital joint, intended to live in, or to be exposed to the air, was found buried at least a foot.

M. Perrottet accordingly had them bared, one after another, to the roots; some of which, indeed, were already rotten, and all would have infallibly become so, had they remained in the same condition much longer. He next cut off the decayed roots, made round each plant a large hollow, in which he spread an

inch of good mould, formed of decayed vegetable matter, and then watered them moderately. In a month after, at most, young sprouts made their appearance, and continued to grow gradually, so that in April 1837, or eight months after, these precious plants were from two to two and a half feet high, and were loaded with branches and leaves of the finest growth.

In January 1838, M. Perrottet, having been absent some time, returned to the Hills, and found the Tea-plants in good condition, but grown very little in height. The gardeners had either filled up the hollows, or allowed them to fill up, so that the plants were as much buried as before. M. Perrottet had them again laid open, and placed them in the same state as he had previously done. They were only watered moderately, and during the driest weather. Their progress was so rapid, that during the succeeding nine months, they attained three feet and a half, at least, in height, and were furnished with branches from the bottom of the stalk to the top, which gave them a form nearly pyramidal. People, from curiosity, travelled from Ootacamund to see them, and one or two of the Indian governors were much surprised at them.

Vegetation is strongest in this shrub, from July to October, during which period, the rains are most regular and abundant; they require no other care than to pull up the weeds that grow about them in great force and prodigious numbers.

On the 18th of October, 1838, when M. Perrottet finally quitted the Neilgherries, his young Teas were loaded with flowers, fruit, and leaves—these last were of the greatest beauty, broad, and of a very remarkably bright green—the flowers also, were very large and emitted a very sweet odour. Each of the plants, except two, were then about four feet high, and in the most prosperous condition. Their numerous branches were remarkable for the vigour, and strength of their vegetation. The fruit with which they were beautified, was perfectly spherical, and had attained the size of a large pea.

From the above trial and facts, there is every reason to believe that the culture of the Tea, established on the grand scale, will succeed well on the Neilgherries, and may produce results of great importance, especially if care be taken to select the localities and positions which best agree with it.

The soil of the Neilgherry Hills, is generally very fertile: it is neither stiff nor friable, and, therefore, easy to work. The rains are frequent, and mostly abundant, but they do not fall in torrents sufficient to cause damage.

In some localities, the thermometer falls below the freezing point: at Ootacamund, for instance, it freezes from one to two degrees; that is, one sees ice that has some consistence.

At Kaitée, there are only hoar-frosts, and the thermometer (divided into a hundred de-

greens*) does not fall at night below two or three degrees above zero. This cold does not appear to do any injury to the Tea-plants, it only stops and retards their vegetation. But it is absolutely necessary to protect them from the north-east winds, which are detrimental to them, because they are dry and cold.

Labour is abundant on the Neilgherries, and not dear. Workmen may be procured at all seasons. The climate is wholesome, and very agreeable. Woollen clothes may be worn all the year round, without inconvenience.

M. Perrotet, after pointing out a multitude of other advantages, relating to soil and produce, highly enticing to an European settler, considers the growth of the Tea-plant alone, an incontestible piece of invitation to establish one's self permanently on those delightful mountains, and making regular plantations of the precious article referred to. "I hope I shall not be misunderstood," says M. Perrotet, "what I have said is not mere talk, but the result of deep conviction, founded on a perfect knowledge of the localities. I did not go the Neilgherries as an amateur, but as a naturalist and agriculturist."†

NEW ROYAL EXCHANGE.

THE design adopted possesses features of a very striking character. It will be recollected that the site of the intended building is of an irregular form. The ground westward of this site is to be cleared by the removal of the two masses of building which now stand in front of the Bank, so as to leave an uninterrupted area from the intersection of the streets in front of the Mansion House; in this area it is intended to place the statue of the Duke of Wellington. From the nature of the ground, any form of building which should adequately occupy it, must be wider at the east end than at the west. This irregularity is concealed, and, though not rectangular, the proposed structure is perfectly regular in the plan.

The total extent of the building is proposed to be 293 feet 6 inches, from the columns of the portico on the west, to the pilasters at the east end; the extreme width of the east end, at the broadest part, 175 feet; and the width, through the centre, from north to south, 144 feet.

At the west end, the architect has placed a very striking portico of eight columns of the Corinthian order. The width of this portico is ninety feet, and its height to the apex of the pediment seventy-five feet. This is sixteen feet wider, and seventeen feet higher, than the portico of the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Behind the portico is the central entrance to the Exchange, which is deeply re-

cessed within a large arched opening, having on each side an arch of correspondent general character. When clear of the portico, the building is increased in width by pilasters and recesses, making its greatest extent at the west end 106 feet.

The south front, or that towards Cornhill, is an unbroken line of 250 feet, occupied by a range of Corinthian pilasters, the intervals between which are divided in height into two stories. The lower of these consists of a series of rusticated arches, and comprises the shops, and the entrances both to the Exchange and the offices; the upper story includes a uniform line of decorated windows for the principal floor.

The north front is generally similar to the south.

The east front is terminated at its northern and southern extremities by curved corners, each containing three rusticated arches, with windows above; and from the centre of this front rises a tower 160 feet in height, terminated by a vane, formed of the ancient grasshopper, the crest of Sir T. Gresham.

The area for the merchants is nearly in the centre of the edifice. It is a parallelogram, 170 feet in length from east to west, by 112 feet from north to south, and is entered in the centre of each of the four sides. There is a colonnade of the Doric order round this area, which leaves about one third of the whole space open. Over the colonnade is a second order of attached Ionic columns, with arched and highly decorated windows in each intercolumniation.

With reference to the arrangement of the plan, it appears that the ground-floor is principally appropriated to shops and offices, except a part of the north-east corner, which is given to Lloyd's, and the south-west, which is reserved for the Royal Exchange Assurance Office. On the one pair, or principal floor, the Subscribers' - room, Commercial - room, Reading - room, and other apartments of Lloyd's, occupy the whole of the eastern portion of the building, and about two thirds of the northern. The Gresham Lecture-rooms, library, and other apartments, fill up the rest of the north front and part of the west. The south front, in nearly all its length, is given to the corporation of the London Assurance, which establishment is to be accommodated in the new building; and the remainder of the south and west is appropriated to the Royal Exchange Assurance.

The exchange is entered from four arched openings in the centre of each side, and the floor will be as nearly level with the street as possible.

The basement or vaults are approached by two staircases, which are placed in the eastern entrance.

The estimated expense of the edifice, including the sculpture, of which there will not be much, on account of its costliness, is 143,800*l*.

The income arising from the shops, offices, &c. is computed at 9,500*l*. per annum.

* The centigrade thermometer of France places the zero at the freezing point, and divides it and the boiling into 100°. This has long been used in Sweden, under the name of Celsius's thermometer.

† India Review. Vol. IV., No. XLII.

THE POOR MAD-MAIDEN OF BRUYÈRES.

AMONG the vallies of "la belle France," there are many sweet and olden legends floating up and down, which resistlessly captivate the heart, and make it in love with the spot wherewith they chance to be associate.

Bruyères—so it is called to-day—Cæsar wrote it Bibrax—is a valley that lies encompassed by rocky mountains, like a child of beauty cradled in the lap of an armed giant.

If you stop before the church, lift your eyes, and you will see on all sides, a thousand frightful figures, which, carved in satanesque shapes, fill up every niche, cornice, and entablature. If you enter this ancient building, you will be astonished at the coloured glass, the evil pictures, and beautiful gracious sculptures which adorned the dwelling of the daughters of Louis XV., and given to this church by the republican Maiffer. If you go towards the "Porte des Thomis," mount on the south, and you will see ancient fosses transformed into gardens, and the earth encumbered by the fragments of a huge tower. Descend, and you come to the mineral waters of Bruyères.

This fountain, beautiful on account of its simplicity, is surrounded with verdure; it is the favourite rendezvous of lovers in the sweet evenings of summer: and thither the young village-maidens resort to fill their pitchers from its crystal waters.

Quitting this delightful spot, you come to the brooks or rivalets, which skirt the east of Bruyères: on these limpid little streams, the nenuphar expands its fair petals, and yields dear souvenirs to the poet.

Toiling to the mountain-top, think as you gaze for a last time on Bruyères, that Cæsar, Abelard, Henri IV., and Lafontaine, have there slept and dreamed. Plunge your sight deep, before you leave, into that valley always so rich and beauteous, and confess from your heart, no Elysium can be lovelier.

Popular traditions report, that towards the end of the sixteenth century, there lived at Bruyères, a poor, beautiful young girl, named Marguerite Noailles, who fell fervently in love with her confessor. Her ambitious affection was, by those times, deemed criminal: she, in consequence, lost her reason, and was thought to be possessed. The priests prepared to exorcise her, when she, all at once, disappeared. Thirteen days afterwards, they saw her in the depth of night, raimented in white, walking along the walls of Bruyères, and pronouncing unknown words. On the following night, she was seen again. Descriptive of these melancholy circumstances, the subsequent ballad, has traditionally come down to us—a ballad, whose strains, imbued with the sweet mournfulness of Ossian's odes, have been sung abroad, through the locality, for the last two hundred years.

THE MAD-MAIDEN OF BRUYÈRES.

When the solemn bell of Bruyères,
Sounds its chime at dead of night,
A sight shall seize your vision,
That shall freeze you with affright;
For at that witching season,
Bruyères' love-bemaddened maid,
Will walk the darkling battlements,
In raiment white arrayed.

O do you know, dear stranger,
What that poor maid hath done?
She has lost her mind in loving,
All too fondly—fiercely—one!
And I do beseech you, therefore,
That you pray a holy prayer,
For the sake of that poor maiden,
Whom the Devil has in care.

Everywhere she goeth, seeking
Up, and down, and all around,
For her mind that long hath wandered,
But cannot yet be found;
Pray we then to God in heaven,
To make light her weary doom,
And, in mercy, from the Devil,
To release her body soon.

O! her love is like a furnace,
Which is evermore a-burn,
And sadly 'gainst her bosom,
Doth its flame of fury burn.
Yea, the demon doth possess her,
And thus drives her aye to rove,
The burning-fiery demon—
Whose shape and name are—Love!

Some versions say that the poor mad-maiden of Bruyères precipitated herself from the walls, and was found dying in the fosse.

Alas! for her love, for it was pure, and her passion that was unrequited! W. A.

QUEENLY BOLUSES FOR A QUEAN.

A MEDICAL practitioner of Downham market, in Norfolk, was applied to by the mother of a family residing as labourers, in a cottage on the property of Ryston in that neighbourhood, with a request that he would call and prescribe for one of her sick children, who had been ill for several days with fever and headache. The doctor pronounced it to be a decided case of ague, and said he had been attending a young lady, not far off, for the same complaint; who, he gave her to understand, had recovered her health after taking a few quinine pills. "Send your boy down," said he, "this afternoon, for the medicine, and we will soon set Jenny to rights." On the lad presenting himself at the surgery, the assistant, knowing the cottager's family to be in very poor circumstances, sent by him a packet of powders containing Peruvian bark, snake-root, and Jamaica ginger. "What's all this?" exclaimed the mother, on opening the enclosure: "how is the child to get all these down, and have we not been giving her *sinny* (senna), and brimstone powder for no good on earth? Drat the man! Take 'em all back to the shop, Jem, and tell Dr. W.—, that if he don't think my girl good enough to take Queen Ann's pills, as my young lady up there at the great house, he may take all this snuff and dust to his own cheek, and be hanged to him!" MU.

* Quinine is the most costly medicine in use.

NICHOLAS ROWE.

THE author of *Jane Shore*, and other dramas, was, notwithstanding his attachment to the belles lettres, a man of business, though little of his history as regards his immediate appointments is known. Queen Anne, on her accession, appointed James, second Duke of Queensberry, her Secretary of State and High Commissioner to Parliament, in Scotland; and Rowe held the office of his Secretary for public affairs. The duke, however, not being able to carry on matters smoothly in Scotland, and

being accused of endeavouring to create a misunderstanding between the queen and her subjects by a sham plot, which had almost set the parliament of England by the ears, he was soon after deprived of all his offices, except that of Lord of Session, which could not be taken away. Rowe's appointment, of course, fell to the ground, and his anxiety for place is evinced by the following hitherto inedited letter, addressed to the then Mæcenas of literary men, Lord Halifax. The new Lord Keeper was Lord Chancellor William Cowper, created Lord Cowper, in 1706.

MY LORD,

Your Lordship will have the goodness to forgive me, if I take the liberty to lay hold of those generous assurances of friendship which you have been pleased to honor me with upon an occasion, which I fancy may now offer very much to my advantage. A recommendation so powerful as that of your Lordship would certainly be a service of the last importance to me, with the new Lord Keeper; if I ask improperly of your Lordship, I humbly ask your pardon, but since I knew there were several things of very good consequence in his disposal, I could not think of applying myself with so good hopes to any one, as to your Lordship; I persuaded myself that your Lordship, either by your own, or those interests which you may command, has a great deal in your power. I beg you will forgive me, my Lord, if I take the liberty to assure you with abundance of sincerity, and, perhaps, with more warmth and earnestness than becomes the respect I owe to your Lordship, that I wish nothing with more pleasure, than to be taken in among the last of those your Lordship honours with your favour and protection; and entirely to depend upon, and owe every thing in the world to, so good a man as my Lord Halifax. If your Lordship shall think that I have proposed to you proper [ly], I desire to submit entirely to your Lordship's direction and choice, and if I have done anything wrong in importuning your Lordship upon this subject, I shall still hope to be forgiven, and to have the honor to be always thought,

MY LORD,

Yrs Ldship

most Obedient

humble servant,

NRWE.

Thursday, Oct. 9th, 1705.

The result of this application does not appear, Chalmers merely mentions—After the Duke of Queensberry's death, which occurred July 6, 1711, all avenues to Rowe's preferment were stopped, and, during the rest of Queen Anne's reign, he passed his time in study. On the accession of King George the First in 1714, he obtained the office of poet laureate, and the appointment of one of the land surveyors of the customs in the port of London. George, Prince of Wales, afterwards King

George the Second, conferred on him the clerkship of his council; and Lord Chancellor Parker, made him his secretary for the presentations,—promotions which he survived a few years only to enjoy: he died in the forty-fifth year of his age, Dec. 6, 1718, and was sepulchred in Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey. Pope wrote the epitaph intended for his tomb, but not affixed; it is, however printed in the latter's works.

B.

RAMBLE THROUGH YORK.

A fortnight's leisure in the month of June induced me to take an excursion into Yorkshire; while so doing, two or three little incidents came under my notice, which, although trivial, are pleasing to me to commemorate.

Leaving London for Hull in the *Gazelle* steamer; among the passengers, it was my good fortune to meet with an intelligent and communicative person; a petty officer, belonging to one of her majesty's vessels, then stationed at Malta, from whence he had got six months' leave of absence, to visit his friends in Yorkshire, and for the benefit of his health. Among other of his adventures he related that, in the year 1829, his vessel was stationed off the coast of Africa, for the capture of slavers. While in that service, they received information that a large vessel, laden with slaves, was attempting the passage; having caught sight of her, they commenced a chase, which lasted the remainder of the day, but, as night drew on, she escaped; at dawn of morning they again espied her, and crowded every sail in pursuit. They gained upon her rapidly—it was not yet daylight—when the crew of the slaver made a sudden tack, but their vessel becoming for the moment unmanageable, before they could extricate themselves, they were borne down upon by their pursuers, and, in the confusion, were struck right in the midships. The concussion was truly awful, bitter and piercing shrieks for a moment rent the air, then all became still as the silence of death. Speedily as possible they brought to, but not a vestige remained of the ill-fated vessel, its unfortunate cargo or lawless crew.

From Hull I went to Beverly, where my stay was short, but contrived to spare time to visit its magnificent minster, and the handsome church of St. Mary. A curious and extremely antique painting was pointed out to me in the minster. St. John is represented on the left side; on the right is a figure dressed in regal robes, holding a scroll, on which is written

Als he mak' the, as hert may thyne, or eghe may see.

I was informed the royal figure represented Athelstan, the founder of the minster, who, previous to entering upon an expedition, made a vow to St. John, in event of his success, to build a minster, dedicate it to him, and grant certain privileges to the town of Beverly; being successful, the minster was built, dedicated, and the privileges granted (which to the present exist) as aforesaid. From the interior of the splendid church of St. Mary, I copied the following epitaph:—

IN MEMORY OF
SAMUEL BUTLER;

A poor player, who struts and frets his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more.

Obit 15th Jun., 1912, aged 63 years.

Outside the church there is a tablet against the wall, on which is represented two drawn

swords, crossed towards the point, and enclosing the following doggerel verse.

Here two young Danish soldiers lie,
The one in quarrell chanced to die,
The other's head by their own law,
With sword was severed at one blow.
December 2nd, 1699.

From Beverly I proceeded to York; while journeying thither, and about midway between the two places, we came to a small village, where the coach stopped to change horses. The bells of the little church just within sight, were ringing a merry peal, the cause of which was soon explained by the appearance of a party of villagers, who were on their way thither. The little wedding party were preceded by two men dressed in a fantastic style, who kept capering about from one side of the road to the other, and throwing themselves into ludicrous attitudes; the bride and bridegroom, with about half a dozen friends of each sex, followed in procession; the females, who were no bonnets, were arrayed in white, and a profusion of white ribbons on their caps; each of the men, dressed in their neat holiday attire, also wore large bows of ribbon on their breasts; the happy connubialists were a fine, healthy-looking young couple; the face of the bride was suffused with a deep blush at being exposed to the gaze of the passengers, (while passing the coach as it stood at the door of the inn,) each of whom breathed an inward wish that the union might be productive of happiness.

On the day sequent to my arrival at York, and while strolling about that ancient and highly-interesting city, I observed a group of persons assembled together in a narrow court, leading from Coney-street (the principal street in York.) On joining them, I found that a sale by auction had just taken place, of the ruins of what had once been a small religious edifice. It was marked in lots, although one person, or, rather, a party, of which he seemed to be the head, had bought the whole of it.

Accompanied by the purchaser, I went over the interior, and we had to clamber from floor to floor, and stealthily pick our steps in passing along, lest the decayed rafters should give way with us. My companion seemed much elated with his purchase, as he said the "ancient folks" used such large iron bolts in buildings, that he calculated the iron to be worth what he had given for the whole; but pleasure of no kind is without its alloy, and it was so in this instance. A singular and grotesque-looking animal, of the "genus homo," who was the possessor of the sou-briquet *Robinson Crusoe*, doubtless from his uncouth appearance, had, for some length of time, located himself on the ground floor, where he earned a livelihood by mending nets. This personage, not apparently considering himself a "tenant at will," refused to quit, unless paid a sovereign for so doing. I left the parties wrangling together, but, on the day previous to my leaving York, again visiting

the spot, the whole was then cleared away. *Heu pietas! heu prisca fides!*

The coronation of her majesty took place during my stay in York, on which occasion, in addition to the usual service at the minster, Handel's coronation anthem and other splendid musical productions were performed in a most effective and soul-stirring manner; service concluded, a procession formed itself on leaving the minster. The most interesting objects in the procession were, a party of about 300 persons, designated the Robin Hood society, or ancient sons of Eboracum; they wore dark green tunics, broad leathern belts, side belts, with bugles and arrows affixed, caps with large black feathers, and each carried a bow; their appearance was very pleasing and picturesque. Behind them came two large four-wheeled carriages, belonging to the proprietors of weekly newspapers published in York—one drawn by four grey, the other by four bay horses—on each carriage was placed a printing press, which was kept hard at work as the procession perambulated the city, printing copies of verses on the occasion, which were immediately distributed among the inhabitants, and persons following the procession.

Before entering upon my excursion into Yorkshire, I considered it necessary to furnish up all my stock of caution, the natives being proverbially "bites," but am glad to bear my humble testimony, that they are by no means deserving that character, having experienced many purely disinterested acts of kindness, affability, and good feeling, although an entire stranger. Among others was one which I think deserves mention; while staying at York, I, one morning, took a pleasant stroll for a few miles into the surrounding country—a heavy shower came on, which induced me to take shelter at a farm-house near, and was kindly invited in by the rosy-faced dame, who was busily employed with her family, superintending their domestic concerns; the rain continuing, I was asked to accept the loan of an umbrella, which I gladly availed myself of; a nearly new one was brought me, and, as a matter of course, I tendered its value as security, at which this kind-hearted person seemed a little vexed, saying, she should not have made the offer had she not have felt confident in its being returned. The only instance in which I found the contrary feeling to exist was, perhaps, rather a humorous one. My lodging at York was at the house of a widow, who was "fat and fifty." The first morning at breakfast the tea-caddy was placed on the table, with the request that I would "make tea," to my own choice. Being rather a novice in these matters I used the quantity supposed by me to be requisite, but to my surprise discovered, after the water was added, that, instead of the beverage being of a fine healthy brown colour, it had the sickly appearance of "a green and yellow melancholy;" this I attributed, naturally enough, to my not having

used quantum sufficit of the herb, and resolved on remedying it the following morning, by using a larger quantity; but my plan failed, as a similar weak dilution was produced; on the third morning, my curiosity being a little excited, I passed through the kitchen almost immediately after having handed over the teapot, when the riddle was solved; my landlady was busily employed nearly emptying its contents, previous to adding the water thereto. At the next breakfast I used a mere fraction of the former quantity, and this time my plan succeeded, as, doubtless, she suspected my knowledge of her "*ruse*."

Steam packets sail daily from York down the river Ouse to Hull, passing Selby, where I landed to spend a day. While walking along the quay at Selby, I saw a funeral procession approaching, followed by a great number of persons; the mode of carrying the coffin attracted my notice; three men on each side had hold of a broad strapping, passed under the coffin, which was thus borne a few inches from the ground. On my addressing one of the many followers, he told me, that a day or two previously a labouring man from London, a stranger in the town, had procured the promise of employment at Selby—he had spent the evening with some men who were to have been his fellow workmen; being somewhat inebriated when he left them, it is supposed he walked by accident into the river, where his body was discovered the following morning, and was now being borne a stranger to a stranger's grave; no clue could be given to ascertain who he was. He had mentioned to his evening companions that he had a wife and child in London—further they knew not. During the time the burial service was being read, my attention was drawn to an aged female standing near; she appeared to be much affected, and, at short intervals, kept wringing her hands and exclaiming, "My poor lad, my poor lad." Thinking it was the fate of the unfortunate stranger that she so much bewailed, I crossed over to her, and the service being ended, addressed her by saying, it was an awful circumstance to be called thus suddenly into the presence of our Maker; she replied, "Aye, sir, this is an awful circumstance, but tis nae sae awful as the death of my poor lad, my bonnie lad, my poor boy." Gazing earnestly at me, she continued—"yes, this is awful, but my poor lad's fate was harder still. He was a bonnie lad, and stood aye more than six feet high: he was a sailor on board a man of war, and, while the wind was blowing almost a gale, he was ordered to go aloft, he went, and the next moment my bonnie lad, (and the poor creature half screamed as she suited the action to the word, by suddenly dropping her hands towards the earth), fell to the deck, and his poor brains lay scattered about—was not his a more awful fate!" After giving vent to her sorrow, she became somewhat composed, and voluntarily offered to inform me more particulars respecting her

ill-fated boy. After concluding her little narrative, she again began weeping and wringing her hands, and walked from the churchyard continuing her ejaculations, as she went, "my bonnie lad, my poor boy."

W. S. L.

FITNESS OF EGYPTIAN ARCHITECTURE FOR MODELS.

THE study of Egyptian antiquities at the present time is quite the prevailing mania amongst antiquarians; but I think, that although there may undoubtedly be found much that is curious; much in the way of improvement will not be deduced. Egyptian sculptures, except in very limited instances will never serve for studies, unless it may be to study their defects, for they have but little beauty, to take them in the mass. Their style of building is far too colossal ever again to be followed to any extent.

Between the Greeks and Egyptians there is a wide gap in regard to the perfection of their works—Grecian purity is matchless, and from their ruins and fragmentary statues the finest lessons are to be taken—before their exquisite statues, we stand in the presence of high art in all its purity—before those of the Egyptians, we look upon art in a rude and primitive state. In the works of the latter, indeed, we find the germs of much which the Greek afterwards brought to perfection.

D. L.

ON THE WILD POTATO (*Solanum tuberosum*) OF PERU AND CHILE.*

AMONG the cultivated vegetables in the Andes of Peru, none is more remarkable for its abundance and goodness than the potato. The question has often been asked in modern times, whether this plant is met with in a wild state in Peru and Chile; and, besides what has been said by the meritorious Lambert Alexander Cruickshanks, whom M. Püppig accompanied in 1827, the latter made the strictest inquiry respecting it, and fully believes that the potato is a native of, and still grows wild in, Chile. M. Püppig, also, from further search respecting the plant in the southern provinces, where Mr. Cruickshanks did not accompany him, found it quite as abundant there, as in the northern parts.

Its situation for growth.—Humboldt is of opinion that the potato grows wild in Peru, but M. Püppig, during his journey in the Andes, found no tuber-bearing solanums on their declivities between 5° and 12° of south latitude. The potato in its wild state, however, is not an inhabitant of the mountains; but, in the northern parts of Chile, was found an immense quantity of wild potatoes at a height never exceeding that of 400 feet above the level of the sea; more generally, however, in the immediate neighbourhood of the sea,

and in the greatest luxuriance in rich loamy declivities, or in the chinks of the rocks exposed to the sea breezes, and only elevated a few fathoms above the level of the ocean. The wild potato was never seen farther from the sea, than one or two leagues. It is easily distinguished from the cultivated potato, when it is once known that its blossoms are always white.

The Papa cimarono of Chile.—This potato, by right, ought to bear the name of a sea-shore plant, and its native country is undoubtedly Chile. It has been said that this plant is found cultivated on the hills that border the coast, and on the steep rocky declivities at Punta de Quintero, &c., but the soil there is either incapable of cultivation, or the land so steep that nobody can make use of it. The wild potato is often known in Chile by the name of Papa cimarono, because in its natural state its very small tubers are found to be bitter. They are often found growing in a wild state on steep places; and, in 1827, when the fort of Valparaíso was pulled down, and part of a steep rock gave way, and also in 1828, at the Cerro alegre, such an extraordinary quantity of those uneatable tubers rolled down into the streets, that many strangers who had never seen the wild potato could hardly believe the assertion.

Its Soil and Atmosphere.—The wild potato is not found in good soil, or in the drift hills of sand at Quintero; but, on the contrary, prefers the steep declivities and the small, step-kind of formation on high projecting rocks. That the wild potato is very sensitive of a change of atmosphere, is evident from the circumstance, that it is found in abundance at the foot of Monte Manco, not far from Cocon in Chile; but not at all on its summit, a height of 500 feet., where, on the contrary, fields of the cultivated potato flourish well.

The Potato food, or Chupe of Peru.—The potato is not used to the same extent in Chile as it is in Peru, where the inhabitants of the Andes, without the least exaggeration, derive more than the half of their nourishment from its tubers. The Indians and Mestizos there, make what they call *Chupe*, that is, small pieces of potato boiled in water, with the addition of pepper, and generally seasoned with bullock's fat; this dish they partake of two or three times a day, and it forms their chief food. Its great cheapness and satisfying quality reconcile the natives to its tastelessness and less nourishing property; and the Mestizos of the mild valleys would rather live on *Chupe* six days in the week, than be obliged to work hard two days together. The inhabitants of Punas are well skilled in preserving potatoes to keep to any length of time, which methods are not generally known in Europe.

Preparation of the Chünü Chünü.—They give the name of *Chünü Chünü* to the best-tasted preparation, which consists of potatoes left spread out in the open air for several

* Arranged from the *Gardener's Magazine*, as translated from Pöppig's *Reise in Chili und Peru*, by J. London.

nights, and exposed to the frost; during the day, however, they are put in a cold place, and protected from light and heat, so that they neither rot, nor have a bad smell. They are then laid between layers of straw, and the small degree of moisture they contain pressed from them by treading and pressure, so that they at last form a mass of a whitish, wrinkled, light substance, and which, when boiled, forms a gelatinous liquid of a light grey colour, and a not unpleasant taste. This preparation is brought from Sierra to the coast, and also to the warm forests towards the east, where it is in great repute. It keeps good for several years together in the climate of the Andes, and it even suits better the moist heat of the ancient forests, than any other vegetable preparation. M. Pöppig found this provision very useful to him during his journey to Huallaga; and it did not a little excite the astonishment of the inhabitants of Brazil, as on the banks of the Marañon no kind of dried provision will keep one year.

The Morai, or second method.—The second preparation is called *Morai*, and only differs from the preceding, in the potatoes being pared, and otherwise managed with greater nicety.

Third Method.—A third way of preserving the potato consists in cutting them in thin slices, and fastening them on a string. They dry well and very quickly in this manner in the atmosphere of the Andes. The potatoes of the Sierra are not much larger than a large kind of walnut, which in Germany is called *Wälsche Nüsse*, but they have a particularly good flavour, and, like those in Europe, consist of a great many varieties. In the forests of the warm regions of the valleys, which reach as far as Huanuco, the inhabitants cultivate a very excellent variety, probably a peculiar species, as it is very sensitive of cold, and produces tubers every three months. When it is once planted, it requires no more care, but continues to flourish. It is found common also in Cuchuro and Cassapi, and the flavour is very good.

A LIVING LIZARD IN A SEAM OF COAL.

IN the month of August, 1818, when the workmen were sinking a new pit upon Mr. Fenton's ground, near Wakefield, and had passed through several strata of stone, and some thin beds of coal, to the depth of one hundred and fifty yards, they came to a seam of coal, about four feet thick, which they proposed to work. After excavating about four inches of it, one of the miners struck his pick into a crevice, and, having shattered the coal around into small pieces, he discovered a lizard about five inches long. It continued very brisk and lively for about ten minutes, and then drooped and died.

The Public Journals.

Old Popular Ballads and Songs of Sweden. Foreign Quarterly. No. XLIX. 1840.

[As by the old Bayeux Tapestry, with its bizarre Viking ships, parti-coloured sails, and quaintly-accoutred heroes, so through the medium of these songs, we become acquainted with Scandinavian feats, fashions, and manners. The selection, however, before us, is peculiar in its line, chiefly consisting of "shepherd-songs," or such as are akin.—Balder, Odin, and Thor the Thunderer, or any other of the Immortals who reign amid the courts of the star-paved Valhalla, are little noticed; while the comparatively inconsiderable people of the green earth, with their domesticities and accidents, are carefully brought out: in this respect the reviewer may be said to have lost sight of Hercules, and played with the silver threads of Omphale's spindle. But to our *resumé*.]

F. 14. *The Knight rescues his Maiden from the Mountain Hag*. A. L. 123. A long and precious old song. Three stanzas, illustrative of the old Scandinavian belief of speech and wit being possessed by the bear, we must make room for. Having lost his oxen in a strange manner,

Hemning wood and cover seeks,
And each close den he tried,
And finds at last the stark white bear
Sucking her young in pride.
His bow bent Hemning 'gainst his foot,
And shot her in her side:—
"That find'st thou not, I trow, so good,
As sucking thy young in pride."
Then up therat that white bear rose,
And claspèd him with paws so grey;
"Nor that, I trow, thou'lt find so good
As slumbering by thy may." (mistress.)

A. Spells. 1. *The Wicked Charm, or the Childbirth delayed*. A. ii. 252, 254. These songs, of which there are varieties in Danish, are similar in character to "*Willie's Lady*," and to "*Sweet Willie of Liddesdale*." But in Swedish the spell is not loosened, and the unfortunate lady gives birth "in the fortieth week of the ninth year," to

A son who standeth up and cometh out his hair;
and to a strapping equal,

A daughter who the rich red silk could sew and broider fair!

B. Enchantments. 4. *The Enchanted Princess is delivered from being a Nightingale by a bold young Knight*. G. ii. 67. *Nyerup's* Danish copy is probably a translation of this.

13. *A Maiden "naming to death" her dear Knight, suffers grievously from her kin, relates her sorrows and so dieth*. G. ii. 7; A. ii. 170. The songs on this subject, of which there are Danish variations, are highly interesting to the British student, from their supplying the true key to that beautiful Border Legend—"The Douglas Tragedy."

[There is a fine old melody attached to this ballad. The story forms a fine little romance, of which the gist is this:—Hillebrand served

in the halls of the king for "fifteen round years:" not so much served he for gold or gain, as for the fair Ladie Gulleborg, whom dearly he loved. With "sweet grace" the ladie smiled on him in return, till Hillebrand at last proposes that they shall together flee to some sweet quarter of the earth, where the young rosebuds of their pure love may blossom unreprieved. In this Ladie Gulleborg willingly acquiesces, though she sadly dreads that the lynx-like eyes of the watchers around will hinder their scheme. Hillebrand then offers to disguise her,—]

A dress of fine scarlet
I'll cut for thee my dear!
They then can never know thee
By thy rosy cheeks clear;
And rings will I change
On thy fingers so small,
That never thereby
Can they know thee at all!

[This done, Hillebrand, like young Lochinvar, lifts Ladie Gulleborg into the gold saddle, and they speed away like an arab-shaft. Long they had not ridden, before the sweet Lady Gulleborg complains of tiredness, and sure such rough riding was but little fitted for her who was clothed in crimson, and whose foot for very delicacy scarce ever touched the ground. They accordingly rest, but in a few brief seconds, starts up the maiden, crying—]

Hillebrand! Hillebrand!
Not now alumber here!
My father's seven trumpets
I hear loud pealing clear.
My father's grey palfrey
Aga's now I know
Tis fifty n long years since
Through woodland did it go.

[The lady's words act like an electric shock; up starts the hero, and buckles on his armour for the terrible combat. Gulleborg holds the golden reins of his horse, while he rushes forward to meet the pursuers, who dashingly come on. The conflict begins. Hillebrand fights like Achilles, slays a score of the valiant, till himself is faint with seven direful gashes. But no safety was there in tarrying here, and—]

Through dark woods then rode they
For many a weary mile;
And not one single word or tone
Spoke Hillebrand the while.

"Is Hillebrand awar'd,
Or sits care upon his brow?
For not one single word
He speaketh to me now!"

"Nor wear'd am I, dearest,
Nor sits care upon my brow:
But fast from down my heart
My blood is dripping now!"

And onward rode brave Hillebrand
To his dearest father's lands:
And there him by the hall to meet
His tender mother stands.

"How is't with thee now Hillebrand
Sweet knight mine I
For fast the red blood drippeth
From off thy mantle fine."

O! a bed my dearest Gulleborg
Make up where I may lie;
And curi not now so gaily,
My hair-locks, Ladie dear,
But haste thee, lovely Gulleborg
To get my burial bier!"

"Ah, Hillebrand, Hillebrand,
Speak my love not so,
On Thursday right merrily
To wedding we will go!"

"Ah dearest! in the grave's deep house
Of darkness shall we wed,
Thy Hillebrand lives no longer
When night's last star is sped."

[And so it proved. "Niobe all tears" presented no sadder image than that of the sorrow-stricken lady: like a worm i'the bud, grief preyed on her damask cheek, and brought her in a short month, to the grave of her Hillebrand.]

14. *Love and Life, or the Maid who slew herself on the corpse of her Beloved, when a Bird (Angel) restored them both to life again.* A. i. 230, 233. This subject, unique in ballad literature, is evidently of great antiquity. The sanction apparently given by the angel to the Christian sin, though Heathen virtue, of suicide, is a curious instance of the confused christianization of an olden legend. The bard who added the Angel-verse had more zeal than knowledge.

5. *Of the Knight who lost his Sweetheart by his Brother's treachery, and how he dreamed thereof, and visited the Bride, and slew his Brother with many others, afterward doing grievous Penance in the Woods.* A. i. 216, 224, 412. Of these curious and terrible ballads, one copy has nearly fifty double verses.

10. *Wolf the Strong.* A. i. 103. The hero may well be called *the Strong*, for when only twelve years old, on being reproached by his father, whom he was assisting at hay-making, that he was taller than he was strong,—*Orm* laid hold of the load of hay that had been driven from the plain, and threw it, *horse and all*, high up upon the stack!

15. *Peter Tyrson's Daughters in Vänge.* G. iii. 193, 197; A. ii. 413. This song is a terrible tragedy. Three brothers (outlaws) cruelly murder three damsels, who, although they know it not, are their own sisters. They then proceed to sell the dresses and ornaments of their victims; but the first house they come to happening to be the home of the missing maidens, they are discovered to have been their murderers. *Peter Tyrson* herewith slayeth two of the banditti, and is about to put the third to death also, when he learns from him that the three criminals were his own long-lost children.

NIGHTINGALES IN MOSCOW.

In this city the nightingales sing in every respect as beautifully in cages as in their native woods. In the bird-shops they are heard warbling with all the fullness and variety of tone which characterises the nightingale in its natural state. The price of one of them in full song is about fifteen roubles. By rattling Beads upon their tables of tangible arithmetic, the Russians can make these birds sing at pleasure during the day; but in the night they make the streets of the city resound with the melodies of the forest.

ANTIQUARIAN VILLAGE AVIARY.

NOVELTY appears to be the order of the day : and even new attractions must be characterized by excellence and unquestionable talent, to effect any pre-eminent patronage. The expression is impelled by an inspection of a PRIVATE EXHIBITION of a new and original character, both as regards the conception of design, the admirable correctness of the detail, and the singularly pleasurable effect produced by the *coup-d'œil* :—like Aladdin, we should be almost weak enough to exchange old lamps for new ones, did the abandonment or neglect of the old, produce in effect, renovations as pleasing as the present.

Accelerated by praiseworthy industry, and considerable cost, Mr. PURLAND, Dentist, of 59, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square, has completed an aviary of manifest ingenuity, and superior masterly execution. The design is to present to the beholder a village hamlet of the olden day, richly studded with edifices distinguished by local associations, but ereft from their several locations, and here grouped in one grand pleasing scene, bedecked with rural beauty, and exhibiting truly on the first glance of the eye—

‘The breezy call of incense-breathing morn.’

The houses being, in fact, inhabited by British song-birds, mellifluous in note, and pouring forth in unceasing rivalry the richness of their several tones. The effect is magical—and it requires a few moments’ consideration whether the vivifying music of the birds, the wind-mill in the distance,

‘Its arms wide opening to the gale,’

the rush of waters dashing down the declivities, the noise created by the working of the over-shot water-mill, the apparent floating reality of the swans, the fitting-by of the birds, ‘the aerial songsters of the grove,’ do or do not constitute a species of enchantment, a sensation lulling our better reason into a delirium of quietude and inconceivable extacy.

The aviary extends over a square nearly twenty feet in length, and is viewed as from a veranda. A sunny horizon is interrupted in the view by bridges of neat but rural form; below these, the waters pursue a boisterous and refreshing course, from rock to rock, affording movement to a water-mill, and meandering an intersectionary way, the whole length to the front in the centre of the village, and is lost by passing under the arch of an old Roman bridge.

On the left of the beholder, is modelled with admirable fidelity, the house at Leicester, in which the slandered Richard the Third is said to have slept, on the night preceding the battle of Bosworth.* A sign-post protrudes, and informs us, in this region of fancy, it is the village ale-house, “the Kynges Hedde :” a table and chair are at the door, and the

tapster appears ready to perform the duties of his vocation. A cat stands on the roof, peering forth on the distance, an incident derived possibly from the antiquarian predilections of the proprietor, who would seem to have remembered the line in the old catch—

The cat upon the wall sees all—sees all.

The village pound is at the end of this house, and a poor donkey, from not being able to tell the village functionary, armed with a little brief authority, to whom he belongs, has within its confines become a tenant per-force. A basket with provender is placed near the pound, towards which the captive turns a longing look, and adds another, though trifling, point of still life.

Next, are some houses, the upper stories supported by stout uprights, as extant at Dent, in Yorkshire, the architecture is singularly venerable in aspect. The first story up the steps is the residence of the village Dickey-Gossip—his barber’s pole shows forth in all its painted gaudy splendour. Behind this are other cottages, and trees in full leaf. The house at Stratford upon Avon in which England’s dramatic bard, the immortal Shakespeare was born, is, according to the perversion of modern innovation, the village butcher’s shop: it is surprisingly well modelled, as it appeared at the time of the Jubilee, in 1769. The sheep in the grass-plot before the house, materially assist the illusion of the attempt at reality.

In the prospect is the Star Chamber, or High Court of Justice, memorable in the reign of King Charles the First. Beyond this, is the gateway of Rougemont Castle, as built by William the Norman, and in the extreme distance, Fotheringay Castle, in its ruined state, after its demolition by order of James the First, in detestation of its having been the prison, and the scene of the tragical end of his unhappy mother, Mary, Queen of Scots. The entrance to Carisbrook Castle, placed before this subject, adds greatly to the completeness of the design, and accords, with a singularly happy adaptation. The outline of the picture is as it were created by the representation of the wall surrounding the venerable archiepiscopal city of York.

On the margin of the water, in the hollow, is an edifice, known as ‘Foss Lodge,’ with its observatory, and nearer to the spectator is an overshot water-mill, set in motion by the water in its course. The mill represents the one erected on the bridge at Oxford, where formerly stood the house or tower inhabited by the far-famed wizard, Roger Bacon, of whose brazen head so many wonderments are related.

On the right, and in the extreme distance, is the well-known windmill, the sails revolving in the breeze, erected on a ruined portion of St. Bennet’s Abbey, near Norwich. Annexed is another edifice of the olden time, placed there as the miller’s house. Nearer, though more to the right, are the ruins of Kirkstall Abbey, memorable in the ear of romance—

* The house has, within the last few weeks, been levelled with the ground.

loving readers, as the scene of the appalments which befel Mary, the Maid of the Inn. Still approaching to the spectator, and in the foreground of the windmill, is the model of a house near Naseby Field, remarkable for the construction of the chimney, erected outside of the wall.

More forward still is an admirable representation of Great Chatfield Manor House, Wiltshire; sheep paled in, in front; and, extending to the right is the huge, ill-fashioned house at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where the Scots sold their King, Charles the First, and delivered him to the parliamentary authorities. Some other houses of early and characteristic architecture in the details, appear, under a transformation, as the shops of a wheelwright, a flechier, and a bowyer, a blacksmith's forge, and other occupations, the auxiliaries of a village establishment—one of these is the house at Launceston, in Cornwall, of notoriety from its having been, at one period during the civil commotions in the seventeenth century, the head quarters of Prince Rupert, in one of his predatory excursions.

As all pleasures have their alloy—so thought the designer and founder of this mimic picture of real life; on the green, is the quintin, at which the youths of the village were wont to exercise their dexterity, or otherwise receive an astounding blow from the pendant sand-bag; and immediately behind, is the cage for the impoundment of two-legged trespassers: the stocks are placed in front, as a punishment for drunkenness, and this really well-grouped part of the tableau, is a faithful imitation of the cage and stocks, which stood at the foot of London-bridge, in the days of the burly-bluff-bulstering Hal.

What has been advanced as regards the pictorial effect, will be borne out by an inspection—it is no overrated description; the outline has been fairly observed, and the colouring is far from being overcharged; yet, another subject remains for notice, and that relates to the denizens of this Antiquarian Village Aviary, constituted of blackbirds, thrushes, linnets, red-poles, larks, nightingales, robins, and other varieties of singing birds, indigenous to our climate.

Domesticated as these feathered songsters may be presumed, numerous interesting notitia of their natural inclinations is hourly observable—and on these, the proprietor, Mr. Purland, proudly expatiates; in fact, many popular predilections in favour of certain birds, have here a positive contradiction. The robin, whose general tenour is for the most part, believed to be perfectly harmless, is, in fact, a very Helioabalus among the feathered tribe; a robber and murderer of no common distinction—one robin only can subsist in the same arena, and were twelve of them let loose at the same instant, one only would be found alive after a very few days. War within a few hours, would commence—conflict succeed to conflict, and the combat would end in the

death of one or both; and should one survive, the loud note of triumph would resound from the blood-stained beak of the victor; nor is the robin a less reckless depredator on the property of others—ever on the watch for live food, should a thrush or nightingale be about to enjoy the repast of a worm, the lightning-beaming eye of the robin, catches the glimpse, and darting impetuously past, seizes, irrevocably, the prize, to the astonishment of the bereaved, who seems to ponder on the course its food had taken.

A sexagenarian old lady, appearing incredulous at these mal-practices of the robin, a bird, as she observed, who had been so kind to the poor children in the wood, had her scepticism a little diverted by the proprietor assuring her—"the robin, madam, is instinctively a robber, not an hour passes without his committing some robbery or other, he would rob his parent-bird, were he about to enjoy the last meal, of which he could be robbed—his predilection for robbery, is incontrovertible."

The birds, on being placed in the aviary, made each his selection of residence, and appear to maintain them against all comers; but the robin, in particular, seems most disposed to lord it with high bearing; even the young robin, on acquiring its red plumage, is so violent an ingrate, that to acquire the sole tenancy, a regular attack is made on the father, mother and less forward brethren, and the weakest is inevitably sacrificed to its fury. The strength of the robin is also almost incredible: in the aviary of Mr. Purland, senior, Wilson Street, Finsbury Square, a mouse found his way to the robin's domicile, and was instantly attacked: the combat was steadily persisted in, till the robin, by rolling his adversary into the water, drowned him: contrasted with its fierceness, its docility is yet great; a robin in the same aviary will perch himself on the upper edge of the book, while the proprietor is reading, and pouring forth the fullness of its harmony, allows of the leaves to be turned over in the course of perusal, undisconcerted, and almost without moving.

The next in ferocity, is the water-wagtail—in their conflicts, each bird takes a distant position, and eyeing each other for a moment, simultaneously dash forward; the first blow frequently decides the quarrel, and one or both lie either dead or dying.

Some birds, the wool-white, for instance, will nestle and sleep in the hand for hours. The thrush, however wild, soon becomes domesticated; one brought direct from the field, on the same day chanted forth his wonted notes, and actually attended on, and reared five young robins then in the nest—the parent birds being precluded by the thrush from their usual office, pined, and in a few days died.

The admission for parties to view Mr. Purland's Antiquarian Village Aviary, is readily obtained, by letter addressed to Mortimer Street, as previously intimated.

The Gatherer.

Lord Ashburton has transferred "The Good Shepherd," by Murillo, which he purchased from Sir S. Clarke's collection (vide *Mirror*, No. 1005, p. 328), to the National Gallery.

The Percy Society.—Under this title, a new society is forming, for the "publication of ancient ballads, plays, and minor pieces of poetry;" on the plan of the Camden Society. We observe with pleasure, the names of Payne Collier, A. Dice, J. O. Halliwell, Joseph Hunter, T. Wright, and other well-known antiquaries and literati, already enrolled among the leading members.

The present custom of having children's locks braided in long plaits, and tied at the end with bows, is not a new fashion; for, there is a portrait of the son of Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, (circa 1637) with his hair thus foolishly ornamented.

York Minster.—With the deepest regret, we observe, that fire has again seized on this magnificent structure. The extent of damage, however, sustained from "the devouring element" is, fortunately, not so great as might have been anticipated. How subject to "perils by fire" this venerable cathedral has been, the following chronological summary will show. Thrice have flames preyed on it since its foundation!

First burnt down in	1137
Lay in ruins till	1171
The present cathedral completed about	1370
Great part destroyed by the incendiary Martin, Monday, Feb. 2,	1829
Eleven years after, it is again on fire,	
as happened on last Thursday,	
May 21,	1840

A remarkable instance of the utility of railways occurred on this last-mentioned occasion. An express was sent to Leeds for engines: the distance to be traversed was forty-eight miles: in the small space of one hour and forty minutes they had arrived, and were playing on the fire.

True Possiarchs.—There are and ever will be, human minstrels, whose irrepressible song would burst forth if the nightingale were by.

The "Moses" of Michael Angelo.—Truth to say, the Moses is like an Alp, which, as somebody remarks, must be looked at several times before one perceives its full mightiness: it has literally grown upon me since I first saw: till it now makes a mouse of me by its tremendous sublimity.—What do I care if it be goat-faced!—it shakes me to the centre, whether as a Pan or a Moses.—*Letters from Rome.*

The British public pays annually, to various religious and missionary institutions, a sum exceeding, at the lowest calculation, half a million sterling.—*Athenaeum*, No. 656.

There was only one Sunday paper published in England, previous to the year 1783.

Water-Drinking and Teetotalism.—As the liquid element once nearly destroyed the whole human race, so it now promises to become their salvation.

Advice to Young Ladies.—It would be better if young ladies would encourage young men more on account of their good characters than their good clothes. A good reputation is better capital than a fine coat, in any kind of business.

Method of permanently fixing engraving and printing from Daguerriotype pictures.—Through this new method, of which Dr. Berres, of Vienna, is the discoverer, the Daguerriotype is rendered, besides other points, more extensively available for scientific uses. Every object which is discernible to the eye with clearness, can, for the future, through means of iodined silver plates, be minutely etched, and true to nature, be copied with the minutest exactness.

The Wellington Memorial.—By some of the influential members of the Committee, Thorwaldsen is the artist named; others, considering the advanced age of the great Dane, and fonder of native talent, are opposed. Some are for an ideal figure of the Duke, with bare legs and a Roman toga; some for a portrait statue of the hero, as he now is, and others for him as when he was at Waterloo.

The report of Sir Richard Westmacott's retirement is too true—his last work was the statue to Lord William Bentinck,* sent to India.—*Athenaeum*.

Polytechnic Institution.—One of the most surprising parts of this exhibition, is the process by which glass, first spun by steam-power, is woven by the loom into sumptuous tapestries and rich hangings. By them, Messrs. Williams and Sowerby have of late astonished her Majesty's liege subjects, and, indeed, her Majesty.

This "Vale of Tears" is not utterly without its pleasant resting-places.

* For the Description and Engraving of Lord Bentinck's bronze statue, see *Mirror*, No. 1004, May 2, 1840.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg to decline:—the two poems by Delta, "Traveler's Prayer to his Benefactor,"—"The Birth-Day Tribute."

A Subscriber.—The authorities never allow drawings to be made of Busts, &c., during exhibition.

We kindly thank "E. T. C." and shall feel proud in availing ourselves of his kind offer.

As far as practicable, the wishes of a friend from Hammersmith shall be complied with.

H. C. Seward.—Charades are seldom or ever inserted.

Will J. A. Gibson assure us, upon his word, that the poems he transmitted are of his own composition?

LONDON: Printed and published by J. L. IMBIRD, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Book-sellers.—In FRANCE, CHARLES JUGEL.

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